

Pinto



the difficult fourth issue
1993

Pokin' Around with Paul

A Monthly Column

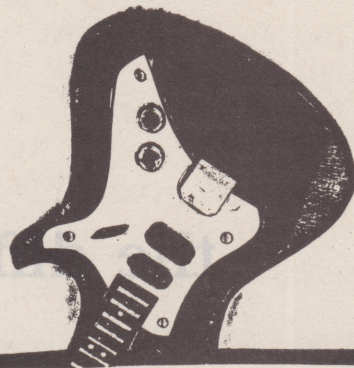
Howdy! okay. here i am again pokin! An opinion: Lately in this glorious town, Oly.Wa., I have heard the words "Hipster" and "scenester" blurted out like every day! What is the deal? Have we all gone whacky? What the fuck are these things? Just the other day I was talking with someone who I probably would call one the words I just mentioned, and they were complaining about what a drag this town is because of all the "Hipsters" and "Scenesters". I thought well....who the fuck are these people? I get the feeling that most people who might be thought of by others as a hipster ~~don't~~ know. That means we could all be....."HIPSTERS" aaaaaaaa!!! Does anyone actually walk around thinking to themselves..."I am so cool"? I wonder if people who seem too be a hipster are r4 really as human as everybody else, dealing with the same bullshit as everybody else? I wonder if everybody is insecure too a degree and has different defense mechanisms they use to get by. I wonder if some people just look cool but arent. I wonder if some people in this down are rude on purpose or if they just have horrible communication skills. I wonder if people are so bored that they have too judge somebody theve never met on gossip they here from someone else who doesnt know them either.

The list goes on doesnt it. What the fuck!!! We all know its lame. Cant anything be done. Is sombody out ther reading this right know and calling me a "hipster?" If you are and youve never met me than Fuck-off! Too me life is funner when I try to have good interactions with people around me. I wish we could all just try and mellow out and have fun. Especially in the "music scene" Isnt fun what music is suppose too be? Does that sound too simple and stupid? If it does ...maybe you are! FEAR!! b1e h! c!

Love, me, Paul



MONTHLY ADAGE!
people are scary,
especially when they poo.
well looky here,
Ive got some too.



From The Formica Table Top of Pinto

This issue is late because we got into that whole Jimi Hendrix/ Who/ Nirvana/ Pearl Jam kind of thing and smashed our computers right after finishing layout.

Okay, we'll be honest. We messed up left and right in our last issue. (Well, mostly I did, but I'm hiding behind the editorial "we.") So go get your copy from off the back of the toilet, we're going to review.... The photos on page 4 (Pinto goes to San Francisco) were taken by Patrick Maley; Jeffer's was written by Jodi Davis; the photo illustrating Jeffer's was taken by James Harrison; the drawing on page 9 ("I hate big houses") is by Jason Traeger; bolo'bolo is published by Semiotext(e); Gozar My Exerpt, although free-form in its original state, wasn't supposed to repeat a paragraph; Bitte Untersuchen Sie diese Wund is out of sequence; the horoscope was by Jodi Dixon; nobody meant anything they said and all responsibility for errors lies in the hands of some guy down the street.

The most important thing that happened to us since the last issue is that we got a form letter from Epitaph starting "Dear Punk-Ass Motherfuckers..."

The next issue should be tricky for us to put out, as the entire mailroom staff is going to Australia, and is leaving the accounting firm to handle correspondence. The theme for issue number five is ALIENS, and we welcome your submissions. We won't pay you, probably will spell your name wrong, and we're very slow about answering our mail. Is that enough motivation? And oh yes, all unsolicited poetry will be fed to the salmon in Capitol Lake. Please get your work (short stories, artwork, comics, articles, interviews with abductees) in to us by the middle of October, to P.O. Box 2244, Olympia, WA 98507, U.S.A. Thanks. We love you. Each one of you. If you see Jodi, tell her "hello."

-We

okay already, I've got some things I need to discuss too. I'm demanding equal time for equal pay. I figured out why I've been sort of depressed during this issue of Pinto. It's because Jodi's gone. She moved to Nueva York. She got a fancy internship at a hoity-toity literary magazine. I'm moping around. And this is the PAIN ISSUE. Oh the anguish of my soul! I'm also dying my hair and because of that I'm not allowed near the layout sheets right now. Otherwise I'd probably leave this letter in the hands of Sara. I forgot what else... Oh I wanted to mention James. James Harrison is responsible for the cover photograph. If I were to stalk anyone in the world it would be James. He just came over and gave us cool-ass Star Wars sound effects for our computers. Basicly I do Pinto so I can talk to people I like. It's my safe harbor from mustaches and customer service. But I've got a toothache and I don't think the Pinto medical plan will cover me. I'm a strumpet... no, wait, I mean I'm frumpy.

-TeH.

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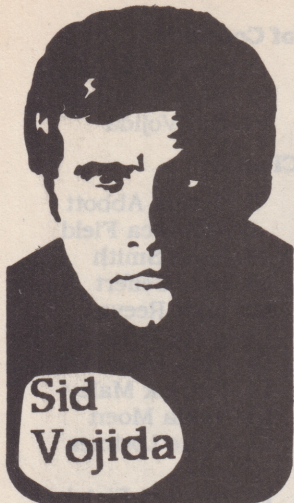
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Sid Vojida

Pinto Magazine is owned, operated, and loved by Jodi Davis, Tina Herschelman, Sara Lorimer and Paul Schuster. Please send all submissions, advertisements, subscription and reprint requests, and anything else you feel like to Pinto, P.O. Box 2244, Olympia, WA 98507. All rights are retained by individual artists. Issue number four was put together in the middle of September, 1993.



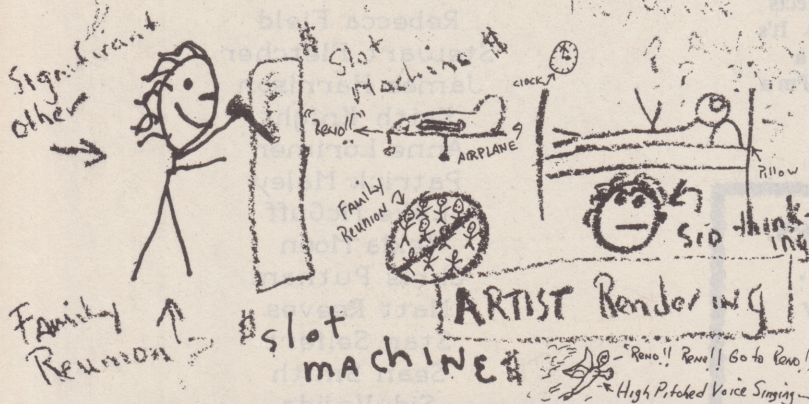
Mr. Vojida has been called away on business. These two letters arrived in his absence; we felt they were important enough to be printed, if not answered. Mr. Vojida will be answering letters again in the next issue. Please write to him at P.O. Box 2244, Olympia, WA 98507, U.S.A.

Dear Sid,

I have been reading your column now for some time and have enjoyed the wonderful storehouse of information you give at little or no cost (in most cases). Without revealing my identity, I, being of the human nature, have stumbled across a roadblock in my never ending path towards the big question mark in the sky. CAN SID HELP ME? Recently my significant other had the marvelous chance to go to a family reunion. Being the work slave and feeling guilty even to take two days off for this special event that only comes around maybe a couple of times in the average work slave life, we decided to go. As time went by (like a slow divorce) our intuition told us that maybe going to this reunion wasn't the best idea after all. It would entail a very treacherous journey through the mountains and to the other side of the state. Instead, way off in the distance we could hear this high pitched voice singing to us, "RENO.. RENO!! GO TO RENO!!". So we did. We both had a great time, and she came home with a big wad of dough. In fact, she came home with much more dough than she left with. In fact, she came home with more dough than she would of had if she stayed home and been a work slave (including overtime and tip-which rarely, if ever happens). In fact... the list goes on and on. The problem is this. When she came back to work and the slave driving boss said the usual, "So how was your reunion?" Her reply was an enthusiastic, "It was fun!!".- Will we be punished in any way for this? And if not how about in the next life? Please let me know as soon as possible for I can't sleep and it's three in the morning and the birds will be chirping soon.

In Karma Purgatory In Olympia,

p.s. We got some great pictures on our vacation, and we are not dedicated to any single religion!



Olympia, Wa
September 6, 1993

Soon after my wife and I entered I-5 north from Reedsport, I observed a late model vehicle ahead maintaining a very consistent 68 mph. (My speedometer is within 1 mph accurate at 65 mph.) Since my cruise control stopped functioning on our 2nd day out of Santa Barbara, I finally used this vehicle as a pace car. When I pulled over into the right lane, the truck lane, to let faster cars pass me, this vehicle (with no sun glare on its rear window) would also promptly pull over into the rt. lane until the faster cars passed. It really functioned well as a pace car and I checked my speedometer less frequently.

I had very little difficulty maintaining a distance of 150 to 200' behind my "pace" car for many miles inspite of trucks occasionally pulling into the left lane to pass a "slower" 55 mph truck, until a truck behind a row of 3 or 4 trucks suddenly pulled into the left lane in front of me.

By the time it traversed the row of trucks at a 2 or 3 mph differential and returned to the right lane in front of them, I could barely see my pace car in the clear left lane ahead.

Now, I am a semi-retired mechanical engineer, but even an idiot would know that if my pace car is maintaining its 68 mph a considerable distance ahead of me, then I am going to be going a considerable amount faster than it in order to regain my distance behind it.

I did not look at my speedometer and I did not even observe the patrol car sitting in full view ahead in the center divider. I simply saw "my pace car" disappearing in the clear left lane far ahead of me.

The polite young officer seemed almost as chagrined as I was and asked, "Didn't you see me sitting in the center divider?!"

I am a little surprised that his radar clocked me as high as 77 mph, but I have no basis to doubt its accuracy.

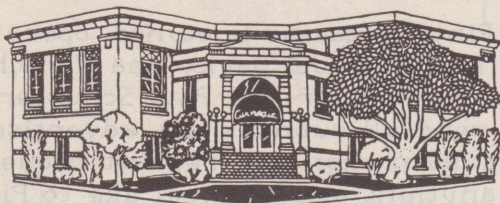
I am not a speeder. I obviously did flagrantly violate the speed limit.

There are a number of lessons to be learned. Among them:

1. get the cruise control fixed as soon as possible.
2. I can not rely on my "new" 1981 Maxima to give me a feeling that I am going above 55 or even 65 mph.

This is not a defense and I am certainly not pleading extenuating circumstances. I am well aware of the effect of speed on force of impact. My wife is very dear to me. I do think I have a clear picture of my stupidity.

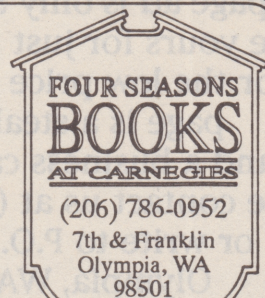
Sincerely, (unsigned)



FOUR SEASONS BOOKS
AT CARNEGIES

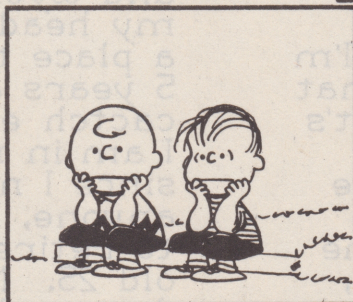
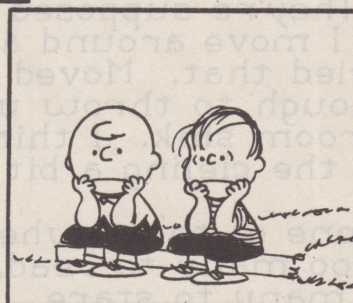
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どうしてマスコビーったら
あと1メートル高い球がオチてな
かったんだ?

- Byram Abbott



- Byram Abbott

THE

ROCK

BY STAR SEIFERT

SOMETIMES WHEN
I GET UPSET I
SWALLOW THE ROCK
INSTEAD OF CRYING
AND THIS ROCK
GETS STUCK IN THE
THROAT.

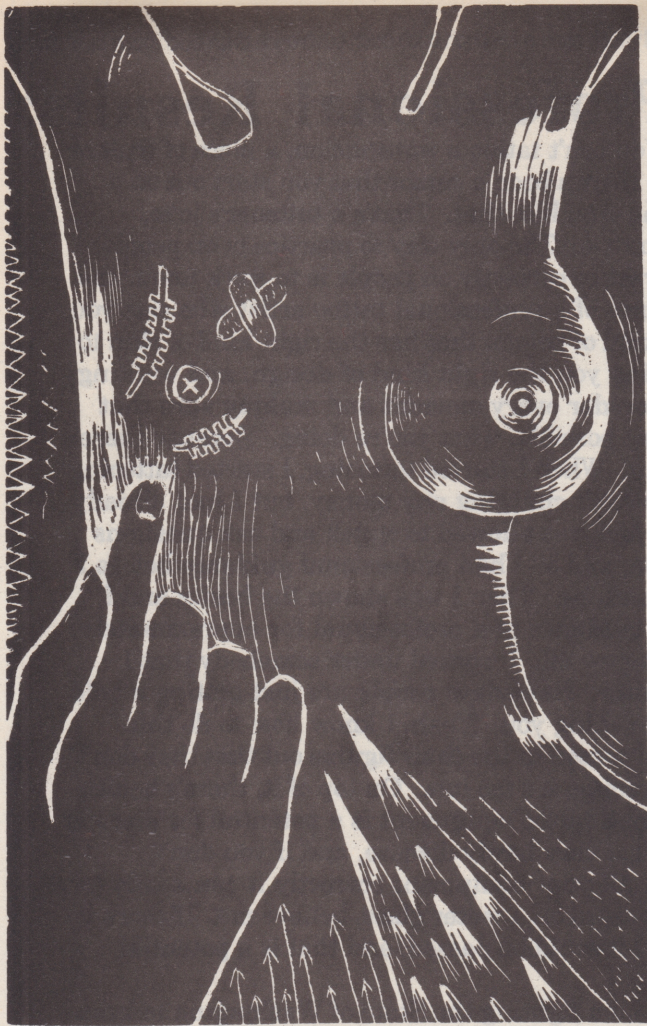


OUCH



SWALLOW SWALLOW SWALLOW

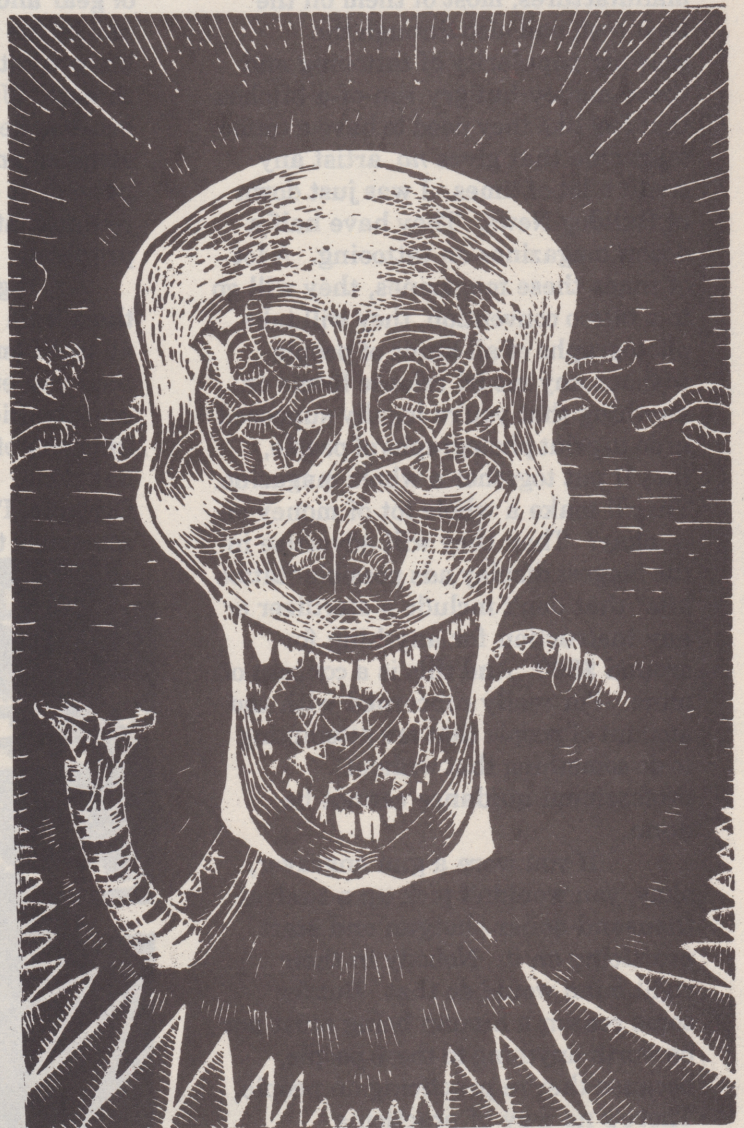
THERE IT IS GETTING
BIGGER. I CANT BREATHE.
IT HURTS TO
SWALLOW. I TRY NOT
TO LET IT SHOW
ON MY FACE.



BREAST CANCER

I WENT TO AN
HERBALIST
ONCE. SHE TOLD ME
SWALLOWING THE
ROCK IS WRONG.
THAT IT CAUSES
ULCERS, OR WORSE...
THE ROCKS STACK UP
INSIDE AND GIVE YOU
TUMORS OR BREAST
CANCER.

ALLIGATORS NEED TO
SWALLOW ROCKS TO
DIGEST THEIR FOOD. WHEN
PEOPLE SWALLOW THEIR
ROCKS THEY BECOME FOOD.



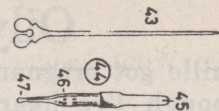
FOOD FOR MANY

If you were a gun engraver, okay, you wouldn't pick up a twelve-thousand-dollar shotgun and start practicing on it. Nobody in their right mind would do that. But for some reason a human being must not be worth anything to these people, because they're practicing on people. There's no way of practicing

Right now I am fighting the State of Washington to keep them from trying to regulate this business out of fear. Because of all these amateurs, out there tattooing people without proper shop theory or etiquette, there's been some eyebrows raised in the communities and there's been some questions asked about the integrity of a person like myself because of what somebody else has done. Since I've been in this business here five years in Olympia, I've had a number of people think that I've tattooed somebody that was underage, and the reality of it was that these



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.....

From my viewpoint, it was like one of those patient's eye view shots where the doctors are bent over. It was like he was rooting around, trying to lift up the sod and look at the dirt below, an odd sensation to experience in something I always thought of as flat.

Mark reached behind himself for the cork and needle, then asked how it felt as he leaned back over me. He said he would do it on the count of three. His hands surrounded my tit, his thumbs flat against my ribs, his fingers holding the cork and needle against my skin. Mark was smiling, nice to see someone enjoy his work. My partner Jane and two of our friends watched. I think it was more traumatic to have them watch than to have it done. (I wish we had brought a camera, though).

There was a rending feeling, it definitely felt like a veil had been torn. And there was an almost inaudible sound to it, of something roaring through a tunnel far underground. Maybe this was synesthesia brought on to avoid screaming. Once it was in, I blinked, relaxed, and looked at the ceiling. "I'm still me," I thought. Lately I'm surprised by how much I can change with the core still remaining essentially the same; both how malleable and inflexible I am. In the words of the Chinese proverb, "I am moving all day and not moving at all. I am like the moon under the waves that ever go rolling."

Then Mark said he was going to put the ring on the needle, which brought on another surprising

The continued sensation there was starting to wear me out. Probably the last couple things were, overall, less traumatic than the actual piercing, but because it kept on happening the pain was starting to seep in a little more. As Mark made his final adjustments, I had to clench and release my breathing, grasp my partner's hand.

I did this for a lot of reasons. For the transformation, thinking that I would feel empowered for being able to prove to myself that I could withstand this shock. To recognize a developing change in my sexuality. To be a boot through another doorway in my life. But whatever the reason, it's still up to me to act on the transformation, empowerment, recognition; still up to me to step through the doorway.

In fact, far from feeling macho for having my tit poked, I feel effeminized for having paid attention to *that* part of my body in *that* way. For spreading my sensations from the hands and feet, penis and lips to a place where men aren't "supposed" to feel. The aftercare (cleaning to keep in from getting infected and to have it heal properly) requires basically that I fondle my left breast a couple times a day, something men don't normally do (well, het-identified men, at least). But I *like* that feeling, and the first time I cleaned it in the shower, when I touched it in some way that felt like it reached out and gripped my spine, I said "Oh, that's why they do this."

reprinted from "On Getting Pierced," from
Makeupaname Press, P.O. Box 31848, Seattle, WA
98103-1848

-Patrick Maley

The next time she left I thought about her survival and I didn't cry. Every day when I looked in the mirror I thought, "she is

15

surviving" and I didn't cry. But I felt like I was dying. I thought about her, felt her hand on the back of my head, felt her thigh in my hand. I waited. The days and days became weeks and I cried. I felt like I was sinking, my head was fuzzy from images of her face and so many tears. I wanted to see the red on her toes. I wanted to hear another voice but my own, coming to me out of sleep.

One morning I got up and said, "I will not think of you one time today." I didn't. I thought of myself. I felt the blood being forced through my body by the constant thump of my heart. I felt all the bones in my hand when I stretched my fingers wide. I could feel each hair leaving my scalp. I thought about my bladder and my muscles. I could lie awake all night without moving. I felt invisible. And not once did I think of you, or your muscles or your scalp. I did not think of you because I am alone now and I am thinking only of myself. me.

Tekla Moen

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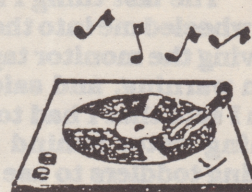
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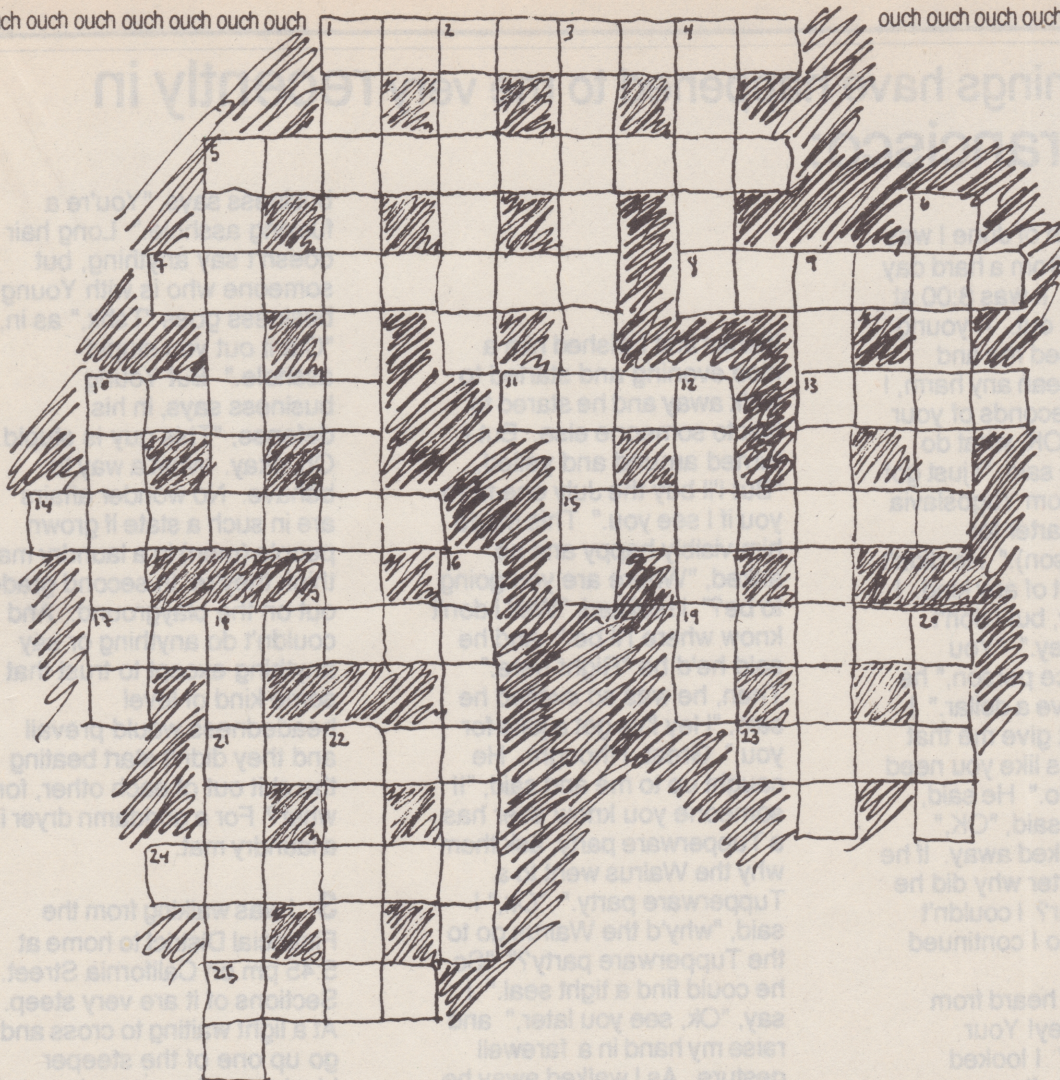
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ACROSS

1. My oats, corn, or rye are said to be a big headache.
5. Vaporously stunning liquid child suffers loss of identity, proceeding through the palindromic province of the Orokaiva (or, a symbol of nothingness) to find that form wraps it up.
7. Haggard and allowed to run between hostile rows.
8. Last: finish cure, but lose the sound of the sea.
10. Hating marsh, abandoning the sound of a bell and the mother of all Bells. That's severe.
11. Unfeeling variety of skull; when more so becomes digital.
13. Dance of Patty Hearst's group plus a thousand in Rome.
14. Heads of witchhunt ruin our neighbour gargoyle's last years: the innocent are accused this way.
15. Crush within grotesque E-Z Elevator Chair.
17. Disoriented naiad in Hoosier State.
19. Plumber's bend runs into rat's undoing: the tie that binds.
21. Escape lad, lose earth and legume, land in hot water.
23. Celts' wail biting like wind or blade.
24. Freud's dream and a lasting shock.
25. A great number did in e.g. dragon.

DOWN

1. Camel in halo crumbles into disease depicted by Dürer; it's sad.
2. Bloodspatteringly like wooden Veep.
3. Musical command to provoke emotion out of feast debris.
4. Courage, sensitive fiber!
5. Chain wrapped around gecko's ribcage initially creates sense of humiliation.
6. Tie rag around the wounded being treated in prescribed order.
9. To extract courage from within reddish ear tendons.
10. A Rhine wreck, as when tissue bursts through buffer, pilling your guts.
12. Potions and beers sound like a dark sign of past rough-housing.
16. A mode of arrest in which, arriving on the scene with an automotive, we see Charles' ex-wife, but hear Bill the Cat.
18. Upset Fugazi label, replacing harmonious group with group of long hairs.
20. Inside Japan, go for sudden sense of hunger or anguish.
22. _____ alcoholic, _____ ickle puppy.

-Anne Lorimer

These things have happened to me very recently in San Francisco:

1. On the 28th of June I was walking home from a hard day of job hunting. It was 8:00 at night, still light out. A young man approached me and said, "I don't mean any harm, I just want 30 seconds of your time." I said, "OK, what do you want." He said, "I just got off the plane from Yugoslavia and need a quarter for (whatever reason)." He didn't have an accent of any kind. I said, "I'm sorry, but I don't have any money." "You seem like a nice person," he said, "here, have a dollar." I said, "Oh don't give me that dollar. It seems like you need it more than I do." He said, "No, take it." I said, "OK," took it, and walked away. If he needed a quarter why did he give me a dollar? I couldn't figure it out. So I continued to walk.

Then I heard from behind me, "Hey! Your shoe's untied." I looked down - it wasn't. It was an older man with a large red duffel bag and he started to walk beside me. "I made you look at your shoe and you don't even have shoe-laces," he boasted. "Yes I do," I stated flatly. "Oh. So you do." Then, "Say, buddy, do me a favor." Me, "OK, what?" He put his bag down and started unzipping it. I thought great he's going to hit me with something, but he seemed like a nice enough person. I'd've let him hit me (ha!). He pulled a small stack of Street Sheets out of his bag and said, "help a guy out by buying one of these." It was the June issue. I said, "Here's a dollar," I was itching to give it away, "but keep the paper because I already have the June copy." He said his

thanks and I wished him a nice evening and started to walk away and he stared to talk to someone else. But I turned around and yelled, "But I'll buy the July one from you if I see you." This made him visibly happy and he asked, "Where are you going to be?" I realized, "Well I don't know where I'll be." And he said he'd be "Right here." Then, he was so excited he said, "Hey I've got a joke for you." Great, I thought. He caught up to me and said, "If someone you know ever has a Tupperware party, ask them why the Walrus went to a Tupperware party." "Ok," I said, "why'd the Walrus go to the Tupperware party?" "So he could find a tight seal." I say, "Ok, see you later," and raise my hand in a farewell gesture. As I walked away he was singing a song to himself.

2. I was at the laundry mat and the dryers are full. Long hair's dryer gets done and he starts taking his sheets out. But not fast enough because Mr. Young Business says something like, "I've been waiting forever for that dryer." So Long hair takes his clothes out all at once and says, "All you had to do was open your mouth." He wasn't mean about it at all. But Young business says, "Do you have a problem? Because if you do we can take it outside." I'm thinking holy shit I'm going to get shot in the crossfire. I'm just waiting for my wash. Long hair mumbles something I don't catch and Young

business says, "You're a fucking asshole." Long hair doesn't say anything, but someone who is with Young business goes "Tshk," as in, "Cut it out you stupid asshole." But Young business says, in his defense, "This guy is stupid." Oh, okay. What a way to behave. No wonder affairs are in such a state if grown people (men) in a laundry mat think they're in second grade out on the playground. And I couldn't do anything or say anything except to trust that some kind of level headedness would prevail and they didn't start beating the shit out of each other, for what? For a goddamn dryer in a laundry mat.

3. I was walking from the Financial District to home at 5:45 pm on California Street. Sections of it are very steep. At a light waiting to cross and go up one of the steeper blocks are three people: a tall businessman, a woman in a peach colored business suit/dress with athletic shoes, and me. When the light turns to "WALK" the woman takes off running up the hill, not in a manner as if she's late to be somewhere, or if she's running form something; just like "I'm gong to run instead of walk." She kept running for a while but gradually slowed down. Two blocks up she was walking quite slowly, hands pushing down on knees with every step. I caught up to her, also walking quite slowly, thinking Jesus she must be tuckered. I wanted to say, "You really took off down there, eh?" but decided that would probably not be welcomed.

- Stuart Fletcher

I spend most of my time reading zines - including a stack about, oh, eight inches high (really) just to come up with these reviews. It should be noted that I picked up some of these right after the last issue of Pinto came out - so they've been sitting on my floor since mid-July, and some of the information (e.g. availability of certain issues) may be out of date. Risk it, write to them, there's a lot of fine reading material out there. Well, it's my obsession, and I'd appreciate the help of any zine editors out there. Please send me a copy of your zine, and be sure to include a note with your address and how much you want to be paid for a copy, otherwise I'll have to guess and probably will get it wrong. I'll be skipping town for a large chunk October and November, so please don't yell at me if I'm slow reviewing your zine or answering any correspondence. My address: Sara, P.O. Box 2244, Olympia, WA 98507 Thank you and god bless.

Rhode Islanduh!

Ah, Little Rhody... This zine found the soft part of my heart, the space reserved for Our Nation's Smallest State. Rhode Island (or Roe Dielan, as I was taught to pronounce it by Nancy from Providence) was the site of a handful of some of the more important parts of my adolescence - my first punk show, my first whiskey sour, my first time in a bar, my only time projectile vomiting (the Safari Lounge, and I was 16. Hi mom!) Really, this is relevant... This is one cool zine. It's very small, with very large writing, and takes only a few minutes to read, but it's funny and it's about Rhode Island. If you thought the title was hilarious, than you'll love the rest. Heidi Branton, 3138 Overhulse Rd NW #126, Olympia, WA 98502. Issues number 1 and 2, each has 8 pages, it measures about 8" by 5", is very obviously photocopied at Kinko's using that ugly orange toner, and you can get an issue for 70 cents and two 29 cent stamps, or even just four 29 cent stamps. It took me longer to type this review than it did to read the zines.

The Whip

Ah... not much to say on this paper, one way or the other. There's just not much here. An inept debate on gun control, a cartoon or two, nothing to write home about. Could it really have a circulation of 4,000 copies? Matt Love, P.O. Box 1865, Olympia, WA 98507. 16 pages, 11" by 9", printed on newsprint, free.

Twilight of the Idols

Bizarre. Skinheads, elementary school teasing, Nietzsche, advanced Molotov Cocktails, work, comics, poetry, housemates... It's all standard zine fare but there's something a little off about it all. This makes me edgy. I like that. 3739 Balboa St, San Francisco, CA 94121. No. 8, 52 pages, I still can't find my damn ruler but let's say 8" by 10 1/2", printed, \$4.

Feminist Carpetcleaner

Great. Well thought out, funny, ziney layout yet legible, "Very Bad Poetry Page," clippings from women's magazines (recent and from the 50s), political stuff, feminist stuff, a brain, tales of thrifting with Thrift Pig, how to soak your stamps... How could I have missed the previous twelve issues? Well worth the money. Nelumbo Nucifera, 313 S, Main #304, Moscow, ID 83843. #13, 40 pages, 8 1/2" by 7", copied, \$3.

Frizzy Style, Life Style

Really, really odd. Disturbing drawings (unicorns dreaming about smoking pot, for example) make up the bulk of this zine, which came with a shrinky-dink of a unicorn. There are lots of really frightening people out there, and every single one of them puts out a zine. Erica, 3937 Ashworth Ave N, Seattle, WA 98103. No. 1, 20 pages, 8 1/2" by 7", copied, 50 cents.

Ralph

I'm presuming this was sent to me for review - with no note to explain itself. It bills itself as "coffee, jazz & poetry." Well, I like coffee... Nice printing. Ralph, 505-1288 Broughton, Vancouver, BC, Canada, V6G2B5. #8, 4 pages, 8 1/2" by 5 1/2", printed. \$1, Canadian.

Our Noise

Two collections of short stories set in Kitty, Virginia. Lots of indie rock references, but they makes sense - the people are scenesters, and the music they listen to (Unrest, Pavement, Beat Happening) is an important part of their identity. I really liked reading these - the characters were realistic, interesting, and usually understandable: a zine editor, a band flirting with a major label, a couple on the rocks, a woman who ends up in town by accident and forgets to leave (I had a dream that I was her after I read this one). Witty titles - the one about John Hughes's impact on my generation is called "Don't You Fugazaboutme." The stories are continued from issue to issue, so read them in order - and make sure you get the second issue for its great cover. Jeff Gomez, 736 Andrews Road, suite 117, Columbia, SC 29210. My copy of the first issue is lost in Tina's car, but no. 2 is 56 pages long, measures 8 1/2" by 5 1/2", is printed on very nice paper and will set you back \$2.

Glamorous Glue

I was excited when I first looked at the cover - "suede suede suede," it says. What a great idea! A zine all about suede. Suede clothing, vegan suede, the history of suede. I was all set to write in and tell them about Captain Picard's \$2,000 suede jacket, but I realized I should read the zine first. How disappointing - it's about the band Suede, not the material. Fawning writing, poorly reprinted photographs, and nothing to say. P.O. Box 41023, 2529 Shaughnessy St, Port Coquitlam, B.C, Canada, V3C-3G0. #1, 24 pages, 8 1/2" x 11", printed? \$4, plus either \$1 postage, or 2 IRCs. or a Canadian 86¢ stamp.

Post Adolescent Angst

Interviews with a couple of bands, some poetry, a page of book reviews, but mostly odd comics. Came with a note saying that the drawing of a black man saying "You bitch! You so sweet I'll fuck you right up the ass" isn't supposed to be a stereotype. Since the whole thing doubles as a coloring book, you can take matters into your own hands and make everyone whatever race you want. Joe Nation, P.O. Box 14172, Portland, OR 97214. #1, 24 pages, 11" by 8 1/2", printed? \$2.

Gourmandizer

I had to borrow a copy of this from Tina, and she's dreaming if she thinks I'll ever give it back. This is amazing. One paragraph reviews/ descriptions of just about everything, including, yes, his kitchen sink. This is the only issue I've ever seen, but I've been told that it's always about food. This is the hot dog issue, by the way. Interviews with rock stars about food, a genuine photograph pasted on the cover, great writing and it's so full of information it took me two days just to skim through it. P.O. Box 582714, Minneapolis, MN, 55458-2717. 48 pages, 8 1/2" by 7", copied, \$2 and some stamps.

Vox Pop

Do you care about internal issues and squabbling at Works in Progress, an Olympia-based liberal newsletter? If so, then this is for you. More of a press release than a zine, it's the highly detailed notes ("Monday, 3-2. 9:53 a.m. - I again spoke with Kelly Harrington....") of some guy being kicked off of the paper where he had been a regular contributor. It can make for kind of interesting reading, especially the section where the author compares his being booted to the imprisonment in mental institutions of Soviet (I presume) dissidents. By one of the guys from The Whip (see review above). Matt Love, P.O. Box 1865, Olympia, WA 98507. 16 pages, 8 1/2" by 11", copied? Free! He even pays postage!

Dystopia

It takes about two minutes to read one of these. Trippy art, reviews of various things, some news, a reprint of a bad review they got. P.O. Box 45622, Seattle, WA 98145-0622. Issues 12 and 13, each 4 pages, 11" by 8 1/2", printed? free.

Assignment - Moon Boy

What a great title. It is, unfortunately, the best part. There's a lot of good ideas in here (an interview with someone who drives and ice cream truck, an offer to send you a bootlegged copy of the new Nirvana album, friendly ramblings) but it never really takes off. 4235 12th Ave NE #104, Seattle, WA 98105. Number 1, 28 pages, oh, around 5 1/2" by 8", photocopied, yours for one buck.

Variable Nothing

Great, I wish it wasn't so thin. Interesting article on computers and privacy, book reviews, zine reviews (oh look, there I am!), Nick's report cards from his childhood, assorted thoughts on technology and the future. For some reason, it reminds me of Neil from the Young Ones - that's supposed to be a compliment, by the way. Nick A, P.O. Box 1205, Olympia, WA 98507, or andnick@stein.u.washington.edu. No. X⁰, 24 pages, 8 1/2" by 7", photocopied, \$1 and two 29 cent stamps.

No Rejections. No Returns.

LOVELY, UGLY, MINDS NOT ALONE show. Xerox books, fanzines, photocopy/mail art and related work. Exhibition to be held in conjunction with the 10th Annual Olympia Film Festival, Nov 5-14, 1993 (includes performance, spoken word and B-Movie Fringe Fest). Deadline Oct 21.

Send to: Minds Not Alone
Zine Show
c/o Olympia Film
Festival
ATTN: Rachel Frost
218 1/2 W 4th B
Olympia, WA 98501
info: 206 352-0852

Paintbrush

Bizarre. Really amazingly poorly written reviews, in-jokes, collages, comics, poetry. They sent six or so different issues, but didn't say how much they wanted for them. They also didn't include an address - try c/o Phil Elurum, 274 B Trafton Rd, Anacortes, WA 98221. Each issue is around 10 pages, measures 8 1/2" by 5", is poorly photocopied, and might be free.

Bad Haircut

I had problems getting past the photo of John Lennon on the cover; it's a good indication of what's inside. A lengthy piece about taking drugs in Peru, poetry, an interview with Noam Chomsky, and drawings reproducing the same photography but with changes like adding beams of light out of Lennon's glasses or a yin/yang necklace. No other illustrations, boring layout. No issue number given, 3112 SW Roxbury St, Seattle, WA 98126, 36 pages, about 4" by 5", printed, \$4.

Cometbus

It wouldn't be a zine review section without Cometbus, would it? Most of it is one nice young man's thoughts on Berkeley - usually it's interesting, notably the guided tour of important spots in the history of the S.L.A. Fascinating article on when Canada invaded the United States in 1970, dumpstered letters, comics, an interview with a milkman, and so much more. Aaron's a great writer, and you must buy this. Really. You have no choice, it's in the zine readers' canon. Blacklist Mailorder, 475 Valencia St, San Francisco, CA 94103. This was issue number 30, made up of 58 pages, measures 8 1/2" by 5 1/2", is printed, and costs \$1.50.

Throwrug

One great comic: "Goth House, or How I Spent My Summer Vacation," but not much else. Interviews with Cop Shoot Cop, Noggin, Bedlam Rovers. Nice cover idea. 4089 Squaglicum Lake Road, Bellingham, WA 98226. No. 8, 24 pages, 8 1/2 by 5 1/2, copied? \$1?

The K Chronicles

More cartoons from Keith Knight. They're interesting, they're drawn well, they make me giggle in public places just thinking about them. Read about Keith's experiences with jury duty, racism, the 1992 Summer Olympics, riots in San Francisco, and the Beastie Boys, to name just a handful. Includes the original "The Egg," as seen in Pinto #3. Big Bottom Comix, 32 Cabrillo St, San Francisco, CA 94118. #1, 16 pages, 8 1/2" by 5 1/2", copied. \$1 and two stamps.

Hel's Kitchen

I do like this, yes, I do, as you can tell by the short review? Photocopied collage art, comics, poetry (oh well), instructions on how to rig up a device to let you (if you're a woman) piss while standing up, photography, interesting writing. I laughed, I cried, I grimaced. 2202 S Jackson, Seattle, WA 98144. Summer 1993, 32 pages, 8 1/2" by 10", printed, \$10 per year (4 issues).

American Salad Bar

Chatty, friendly, bills itself as the "cookbook of the punk rock superstars." Articles with some bands (the Cows, Lou Barlow and his friend Kath, Hammerhead, Velocity Girl), which I never really like, but it also really does have recipes, and some writing about George Lucas, and other cool one-page thoughts. I like it. A.S.B.H.Q, P.O. Box 250207, NYC, NY 10025-1533, issue no. 3, 52 pages, I've lost my official zine review ruler but I'm guessing 5 1/2" by 8", photocopied, \$2.

Expression

Woeee, a lot of money went into this one. It's on nice white paper, full of half-toned photos, color cover, reprint from a Shel Silverstein book. But... there's not much in here. There's a sort of interesting piece on spraypainting, but that's about it - unless you like quotations from Life's Little Instruction Book ("Look for ways to make your boss look good."). 720 Lucerne Lane SE, Olympia, WA 98513. #1? 32 pages, 8 1/2" by 11", printed, \$2 ppd.

Hilda

Wonderful. The most remarkable aspect of this is how well Cia, the editor, masters the medium of photocopying - nearly all the artwork looks great in the high contrast forced by using copiers. Journal entries make up most of this, but they're well thought out and quite long and incredibly personal. Also has book reviews. There's a lot to read in here, and I'm dishonestly reviewing it before I'm completely done. Cia Catherine, P.O. Box 1205, Olympia, WA 98507. No. 1, 48 pages, 8 1/2" by 7". copied, \$2 and 2 stamps.

Suffer Happy, Suffer Proud

It's a sweet idea. Two people put together this tiny zine, all about their friend Dante, using lots of titles cut from Sassy. That's all. He sounds like an interesting person, but I'm not sure why anyone would want to read this - I think that knowing it exists is enough. C/O Sodapop, TESC CAB 320, Olympia, WA 98505. 16 pages, 4" x 5 1/2", photocopied. 25 cents and a 29 cent stamp.

Hangnail

Okay - it's a really well-intentioned zine. It's feminist, and obviously really important to the person putting it together. But... well... it misses the mark, somehow. There's just not much substance. Clippings from pamphlets (the kind you can pick up at women's health clinics), poetry, and drawings make up the bulk of both of these issues, with far too much space wasted on slogans like "the only answer for RAPE: CASTRATION" with no analysis, or even an explanation. Admittedly, this zine probably isn't aimed at me. I'm a woman, not a girl (or Grrl), and I hate bumper-sticker style political statements. If I were in 9th grade, this would be great. c/o LeeAnn, 62 Kirby Ave, Mountaintop, PA 18702. #1: 18 pages, 8 1/2" x 11", copied; #2: 32 pages, 8 1/2" by 5 1/2", copied. \$1 each, or 3 29 ¢ stamps

Julep



Jewel x Tulip = Julep.
Julep is the latest compilation from
Yoyo Recordings.

Featuring...

**Kreviss + Heavens To Betsy + Cub
+ Bratmobile + Kicking Giant +
Crayon + Karp + Tiger Trap +
others = Julep.**

Available on LP, CD & cassette at Rainy Day Records and Positively 4th Street, distributed by Cargo, and
available via mail from KRecords: P.O. Box 7154, Olympia, Wash. 98507.

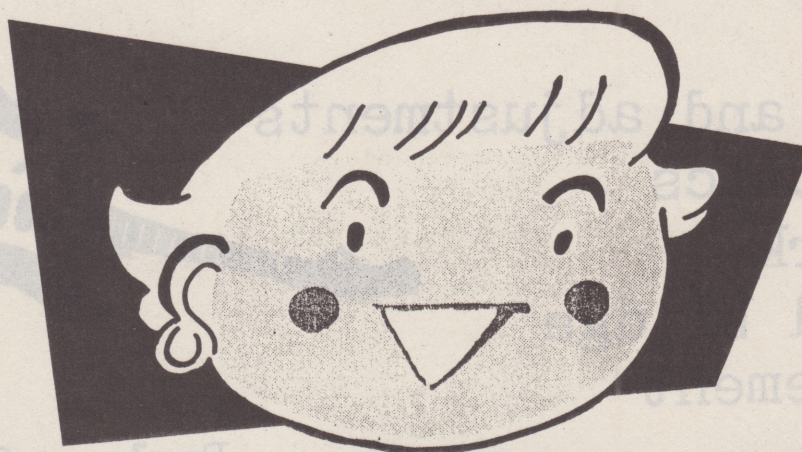
ice cream days

Summer comes and the day stands on its ear. Savory heat and the amphetamines of sunlight. Threats of thunderstorms spread out over silent houses. Only the fridge is humming & in the freezer sleeps an almost empty carton of ice cream. I'm daydreaming of: Paul McCartney with his hips wedded to oceans of middle-aged splendor at home with Linda, making ice cream, for once, together. And just like that I would like to start there, at the end, and try loving you backwards. I'll start out slow, familiar, domestic and work it up to that teenage loss-of-appetite jitters that really sends you! Awkwardness. Cracking voices. Unrequited love. Drink up that furor of hands and steam in the back of the cinema. O! that forgotten ecstasy of simple friction! That is what I want: to have a real bad case of teen lust, and to hold on to it forever. Watch me eat mounds of popcorn, taffy chews, root beer floats and fruit pies and then rejoice in the belly ache. Let me start at your toes and slink my way up your body whispering, "This looks like a good place for a nice warm tongue." Loving you backwards IS delicious. As hormones swim around the brain, a 50's horror movie fear of transformation takes hold, you know, that fear of waking up covered with black hair, of acne blooming across the skin, of the body re-shaping itself during sleep. "Ugh! what is happening to me?!" I spend hours in the bathroom twisting my neck around, stretching & tugging at my skin, searching for alien bulges, lumps & blemishes. Such fad diets! Such zit creams! Such mysterious hard-ons! I think a lot about that story of the really ugly duckling, worrying that I will not grow out of this mess into a swan, but rather into just a really ugly duck. Uncertainty and passion do go together & this is what I want to take with me. I want to live to be an ancient teenager, to grow into the creature that I fear I am, to be Boris Karloff in The Mummy, to be old, shriveled & 500 years old and to still be able to say to you, "Now that the kids are away, I can walk around the house naked and bring you ice cream in bed." There is indeed something to be said for doing a simple, good thing. The ice cream truck passes by playing "The Entertainer" over and over. Popsicles. Fudgesicles, Creamsicles. Ice cream cups with wooden spoons. Stack the cone high with flavors. The hot sun. Chase the drips with the tongue. Delight. Fresh, cool, delicious. Ice cream.

-Chris Putnam



HEAVENLY



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P.U.N.K. Girl

five song CD/10"



KLP 25

Chock Full O' Nuts review:

The Fringes Of Reason

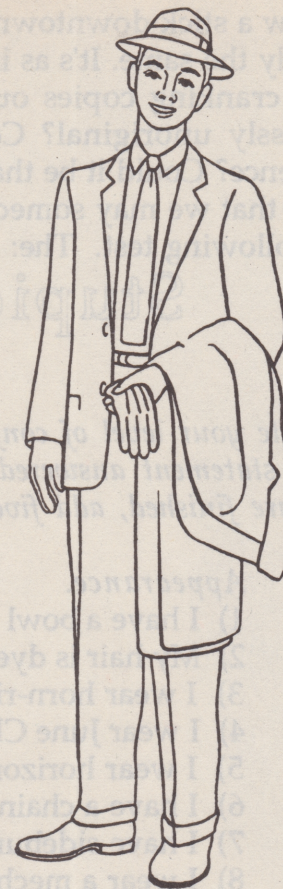
I've never seen a book like this before. It's a reference tool, a bathroom reader, a way to meet scary people in public places, an item to lend to co-workers. The Fringes Of Reason describes itself as being "A field guide to New Age frontiers, unusual beliefs & eccentric sciences," and that's accurate. Some geniuses from the Whole Earth Catalog compiled a selection of short (from one paragraph to a few pages) articles on subjects as fascinating as spontaneous combustion, Lyndon LaRouche, the Ghost Dance, the Flat Earth Movement (in the 20th century!), Bob Dobbs, cattle mutilations, alchemy, faith healers, crystals, crop circles, and airplane games. Subjects are approached in a respectful way (well, usually) but skeptically as well. Particularly notable is the article blasting to pieces that smug little tale about the hundredth monkey washing sand off its yam and, through careful food preparation, averting global nuclear destruction.

Articles are helpfully divided up by subject: "The New, Improved Age," "Inner Frontiers," "Everything You Know Is Wrong!" "Weird Science," "Not Of This Earth," and "What Is Reality?" It really is a catalog, so there's plenty of addresses to write to for more information - including many organizations you probably wouldn't really want to give your home address to.

If all the information in The Fringes Of Reason isn't enough for you, they've reviewed a fine pile of books on related subjects - you'll never be able to complain again that you'd join a cult if you could just get their address.

All 224 of its well-laid-out pages are available for \$13 (cheap!) from the Whole Earth Review, 27 Gate S Road, Sausalito, CA 94965. Send them our love.

-Sara



UPWARD MOBILITY

Running with scissors in hand, I only stopped to talk to strangers. I arrived home way past curfew and opened the front door loudly, knowing perfectly well there were people sleeping. I entered my house, neglecting to wipe my feet beforehand. I proceeded to watch television in the living room, sitting only inches away from the screen and having the volume set excessively loud. I flipped through the channels obnoxiously, stopping briefly on station to view nudity, profanity, or adult situations. I later decided I was hungry, I made myself a snack in the kitchen, leaving quite a mess, the lights on, and the refrigerator door ajar. I vigorously masturbated and fell asleep. The next morning, I sat down to a family breakfast, I ate quickly, chewing with my mouth open, having my elbows on the table, and belching every so often. After breakfast, I ran away from home. I joined a circus, shoplifted and started a punk band.

Brent Claude

Mixx 96fm

K X X O

"Soft Rock Favorites in CD Stereo"

Throw a stick downtown in any direction and you'll hit five or six scenesters dressed almost exactly the same. It's as if some mad scientist stuck one of them in a xerox machine and then kept cranking copies out til the ink ran dry. Why would so many people choose to be so witlessly unoriginal? Could it be that they are somehow unaware of their lemming-like existence? Could it be that you are one of these people - and *you don't know it*? It is with the hope that we may someday find scientific answers to questions like these, that I have devised the following test. The:

Stupid Hipster Syndrome Test

by James Harrison, D.D.S.

To rate your level of conformity, answer TRUE or FALSE to each of the following statements. Each statement answered TRUE is worth one point. If you look at a friend's answers before you are finished, add five points to the outcome of your total score.

Appearance.

- 1) I have a bowl or Little Dutch Boy (bob) style haircut.
- 2) My hair is dyed either black or blond.
- 3) I wear horn-rimmed or granny glasses.
- 4) I wear June Cleaver and/or "baby girl" style dresses.
- 5) I wear horizontally striped T-shirts.
- 6) I have a chain attached to my wallet.
- 7) I have sideburns.
- 8) I wear a mechanic's type jacket.
- 9) My mechanic's jacket has racing stripes on it.
- 10) My mechanic's jacket has an "Oly" or "STP" patch on it (- any beer or mechanic-style patch counts as one point.)
- 11) I am not a mechanic.

Attitude.

- 12) To me coffee is much more than just coffee, it is a part of my personal "philosophy."
- 13) I would never behave "inappropriately" at a Fugazi concert.
- 14) Tattooing and/or body piercing, have helped me to define "who I am."
- 15) Naiveté and the affectation of naiveté are the same thing.
- 16) Puberty can and should become a permanent state of mind.
- 17) If I could read one (1) of the following magazines; I would choose to read:
 - A) U.S. News & World Report (0 points)
 - B) Hustler (0 points)
 - C) Sassy (3 points)
- 18) When watching a band perform at a party, I either: A) Stand with my arms folded, nodding my head slightly as if admiring a painting in a museum; or: B) Hop up and down while waving my arms as if they were dislocated; thus providing a mirror image for the two or three other people at the party dancing in exactly this same "individualistic" way.

Scoring: If your score on the S.H.S.T was 4 or less -congratulations: you may someday develop a personal sense of style and/or individuality. If you scored a 5, then you are highly impressionable, and should avoid the Smithfield and any K record releases for at least a year. If your score was 6 or more - you are a clone. Kill yourself now, or shave your head and join the army, where they pay you to march in step and the uniforms are free.



fragrances
&
natural body care



Downtown Olympia

Arts & Crafts for the Underemployed

god its way too hot in here for writing and because its so hot I've got my music turned up unusually loud even though it's one in the morning and the walls of this apartment are thin. It is an added benefit that the music may help cover the noisy hammering. And since you are under-employed, one a.m. is the ideal time. You may not have noticed but I missed writing this column for the last issue. I was going to try and explain "how to make a lamp out of just about anything" but then I thought, who needs a lamp? I suppose I haven't left the topic completely but it has metamorphasized into "how to make a **lite-brite** out of just about anything." And jesus fucking christ, who doesn't need a **lite brite**?

I can't take credit for the original idea, so instead I'll try to explain to you, with as few digressions as possible, one of the most vivid memories of my life. I went to high school in Orange County, Virginia. How can I explain what this means? As far as diversions go, second only to cruising and drinking Boones Farm, was driving 45 miles to Charlottesville and hanging out on the corner in front of the Burger King. Another regular on this corner was a guy everyone called Fuckhead; his other name was Eric, and I always called him Eric, and so I feel compelled to continue to call him Eric. Eric. Eric. Eric. (Although if I say that name aloud to myself enough times, Fuckhead starts to sound like the better option). I remember Eric unusually well for a number of reasons. One was that even though it was 1985 he was sporting the classic 1977 three-foot tall rubber cement mohawk. I once watched him lay carefully on his side, with his hair-do fanning out around him, close his eyes and fall asleep. This answered a question that as of yet I hadn't even articulated to myself. The most vivid memory I have of Eric, however, is of his giant **lite brite**. I went to the house where he was living, which had just been condemned, and back in his room he had taken an oil drum and punched holes in it with a nail and hammer. He put a naked bulb inside the drum, or it occurs to me now, maybe just a short lamp without a shade, and was putting those colored **lite brite** things in each of the hundreds of holes. Of course all the lights in the house were out, and just to add to the effect he had a short wave radio tuned to the time station, ".... the time is now two-forty-three a.m. and thirty-five seconds..... the time is now two-forty-three a.m. and forty-one seconds.... the time is now two-forty-five and forty seven-seconds...." He was completely engrossed in the task of putting the colored bulbs into the holes. He was unreachable. I stood in the doorway to his room watching him for a long time. I know I stood there for a long time - I had the radio to listen to.

And so I'm thinking, where can't this idea take me? I'll punch holes in anything that doesn't try to run away. I'll buy an industrial size can of corn, eat all the corn, punch holes in the can. I'll find an el camino parked near my home. Actually, I do know where a car door is (in downtown Olympia less than five blocks away from my apartment) and I could crack open the back and stick the bulb in the hollow. I found a bag of little **lite-brite** bulbs in a thrift store, miraculously enough, but I would imagine a toy store could have replacement bulbs too. And if you think of something truly fantastic to create a **lite brite** from, like a metal desk from boeing surplus, a kick drum, or a smashed computer monitor, please write me and tell me all about it. Or god have mercy! send pictures!

-TeH

Hollywood Gin Rummy, Lorimer style

I don't know how to play gin, and I don't know how to play rummy. I grew up playing Hollywood Gin Rummy, and I've never seen the need to learn any of those other gin games. I've never met anyone outside of my family who knew how to play this, so I thought I'd share it with y'all.

You need:

- two players
- a deck of cards
- a pen
- paper
- snacks
- a will to win

The deck should be your standard 52 card variety, but for true Lorimer authenticity they should be either red Bicycle brand, or say "United States Embassy" on the back and be stored in a gold cardboard box.

The Goal:

Well, to win, obviously. The winner is the first person to score 100 points in two or more games.

Each dealing of the cards begins a new **hand**. Hands are won by forming cards into runs. **Runs** are groups of three or more cards, either three or four of a kind (for example, three 8s or four Kings), or three or more consecutive cards in the same suit (oh, say, the 5 of hearts, the 6 of hearts, and the 7 of hearts). Aces are low, and no turning the corner from King to Ace.

The Play:

Arlo (the dealer, and a woman, incidentally) shuffles and deals out nine cards to Jim, and eight cards to herself. The remainder of the deck is set face down between them, henceforth to be known as **the stack**. Jim and Arlo study their cards. Arlo says "Give up?" and Jim asks "Who dealt this mess?" Jim begins the play by discarding a card, placing it face up next to the stack.

Arlo now has a choice. She can either pick up Jim's card (which she can see) or take the top card from the stack (an unseen risk). Whichever she chooses, she must discard that same turn, thus keeping eight cards in her hand at all times. The discards are neatly stacked on top of each other, always face up. A card discarded, if not picked up immediately by the other player, is lost forever. Players cannot look through the discard stack to see if certain cards have been played, or to pick cards out.

Jim can now either draw from the stack, or pick up Arlo's discard. He picks up a card, then discards. This goes on until one player "knocks."

Knocking:

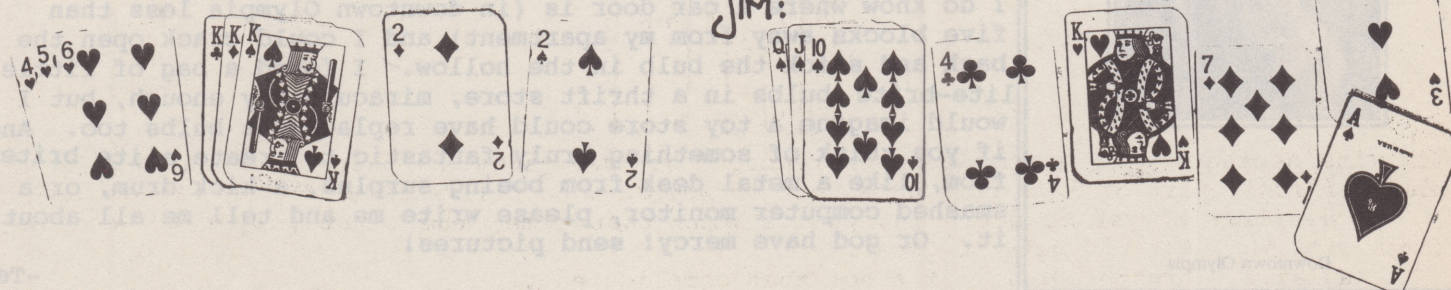
Knocking is the Hollywood Gin Rummy version of slapping someone in the face. It signifies an attitude of "I'm winning. My hand is better than yours, and I have fewer points."

Jim or Arlo can knock when the cards in their hands which are not in runs have a total value of ten points or fewer. They don't have to knock if they don't want to, though - they can wait as long as they want. Face cards are worth ten points, Aces are worth one point, and all other cards are worth their stated value. The person knocking says "I knock for (value of cards not in runs)" and puts all of his or her cards down, face up, on the table. The other player cannot take another turn, and must put his or her cards down immediately for comparison.

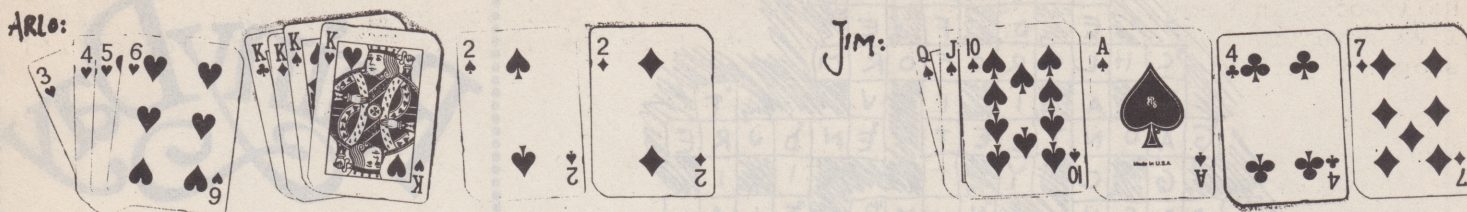
Here's an example of how it might turn out, with Arlo knocking for four:

ARLO:

JIM:



Arlo only four points, and Jim has twenty-five. Jim can play off of Arlo's runs, though, to save him points! Ha ha! He puts his 3 of Hearts on her run, and his King with her Kings:



He is left with his 7 of Diamonds, 4 of Clubs, and Ace of Spades, for a total of twelve points. (Arlo cannot play off of Jim's hand, as she knocked.) Arlo gets the difference in points: $12 - 4 = 8$, so Arlo gets 8 points for this hand.

Bonus Points:

If Arlo had knocked for (for example) six, but Jim had six points or fewer in his hand, he would have **underknocked**. This would entitle him to a 20 point bonus. If all of Arlo's cards are in runs, she has **gin**. Arlo doesn't need to discard that turn if she has gin: if the ninth card is needed in a run, she can keep it. She automatically get 20 points for gin, plus the points from the uninvolved cards in Jim's hand.

Scoring:

What makes this game so spectacular is that you play three games simultaneously. Divide your piece of paper up like this:

A	J	A	J	A	J
---	---	---	---	---	---

The first two columns are for keeping track of the first game, the third and fourth are for the second game, and the fifth and sixth are for the third game. When Arlo won her eight points for the first hand, it was recorded in just the first game:

8	J	A	J	A	J
---	---	---	---	---	---

If she were to win, say, twenty points in the next hand, it would be recorded in both the first and second games, with it added on to the total in the first game:

8	J	20	J	A	J
---	---	----	---	---	---

Jim's win of fifteen points in the next hand would give him points in the first game, like this:

8	J	15	20	J	A	J
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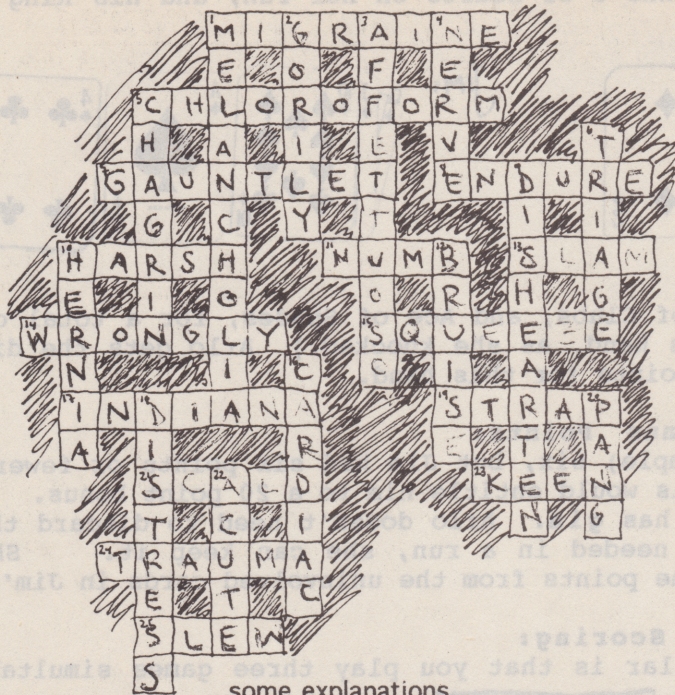
Then Arlo wins another hand with one point, recorded in all three games:

8	J	15	20	J	A	J
---	---	----	----	---	---	---

Jim wins another hand, which would be recorded in two games... Scoring really is the most difficult part of **life** this game, but it wouldn't be Hollywood Gin Rummy without it.

The first player to score 100 points wins that game; the first player to win two games wins that set and gets to gloat.

Relax... breath out... it's not that complicated....



...some explanations...

Anagrams are indicated by words like "disoriented" (17 across), "crumble" (1 down), "debris" (3 down), and "wreck" (10 down). Sometimes words are hidden in the clues, as in "groteSQUE E-Z" (15 across), "redDISH EAR TENDons" (9 down), and "jaPAN Go" (20 down). Sometimes you take the first letter of a word, as in 14 across and 5 down. Synonyms are used in 1 across and 12 down.. Also...

ACROSS

5. Chloroform is a liquid whose vapor renders creatures insensible, as any fan of Tin Tin will remember (Tin Tin has nothing to do with the clue, I just associate him with chloroform). "child" loses its "I.D," which we attach to "Oro," a palindromic province, and then toss "form" on the end. (Anne pointed out that Oro is the only province of Papua New Guinea in which Pinto is currently distributed. If you would like to help distribute Pinto in other areas of Papua New Guinea, please drop us a line.)
7. "Haggard" = gaunt, "allowed to" = let, resulting in two rows of people who try to hurt you as you run between them.
8. To endure is to "last." "Finish" = end, "cure" loses the sound of the sea, or "c," leaving us with "ure."
10. I'll just read you the note Anne included with this clue. "Some bells go 'ting!' Especially bicycle bells. Mother of all Bell telephone companies = Ma Bell." Didn't she write that well?
13. The Symbionese Liberation Army, like all fine groups of radicals, liked to go by its initials, the S.L.A. Those wacky Romans wrote 1,000 as M.
19. When you drop your contact lenses down the drain, that elbowy thing they get stuck in is actually called an S-bend, or so I believe. A rat's plans for the future could get cut quite short by a trap. S + trap = strap.
21. Escape lad - (e + pea) = scald.
23. Keening is a sort of wailing, like in that episode of Star Trek where they found the human who had been raised by another culture...
24. Freud spoke German, so he would have said "traum."

DOWN

5. "Initially," when applied to "gecko's ribcage," gives as a G.R. to wrap "chain" around... cha-GR-in.
16. car-Di-"ack!" writes Anne. What more can I say? Anne does a very nice Bill the Cat imitation, by the way.
18. Well, the band Fugazi's record label is Discord. Either you know this or you don't, so don't feel bad if you can't make head or tail out of this clue. If we took "cörd" from "discord" and put in "tress," what would we get?
22. You can be an acute alcoholic, or a cute ickle puppy. You could also be a cute alcoholic, or an acute ickle puppy. That's your right and prerogative as a Pinto reader.

-Anne made the crossword, but Sara tried to explain it all to you.

Rainy Day

records, tapes, CDs,
videos, clothing,
skateboards, incense,
postcards, magazines,
candles, hi Jim, jewelry,
snowboards, and
anything else we can
fit in the store



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Astrological advice for the fashion impaired

There comes a time in each and every one of our lives when we're forced to ask the question, "Which shoes are the right shoes for me?" Face it, we can't wear it all. A Virgo in fuck me pumps is just about as bad as an Aires in moon boots.

⊕ * ♂ ♀ ☉ ☿ ♁ ♃ ♅ ♇ ♈ ♉ ♊ ♋ ♌ ♍ ♎ ♏ ♐ ♑ ♒ ♓

Aires

You're volatile, temperamental, you need a shoe that can keep up with you. Since we've already ruled out moon boots, I'd recommend a sneaker - but not one of those cheesy pump, air, brake light \$175 a pop models. No, something streamlined, sleek. Maybe a pair of Adidas in, say, orange or red with white stripes.

Taurus

The slower moving of the astrological signs, stubborn at times but in no way stodgy. You're concerned with both comfort and luxury, so you could do the moon boot if it was a quality make. The current obsession with speed and convenience bore you, and the warmth and cushion of a pair of a moon boots provides protection from your phobia of discomfort. Perfect.

Gemini

You're witty, articulate. You know you're intelligent and need shoes that tell the whole world just exactly how intelligent you are. Maybe a saddle shoe reminiscent of school days, or an oxford type of wingtip. Very classy, distinguished. Very you.

Cancer

Emotional. Impetuous at times, with homebody tendencies. I see you in slippers. Yes, a pair of slippers in pink, or maybe pool-colored aqua green. The kind with terry cloth uppers and some sort of soft yet finished sole.

Leo

Ambitious, attention starved, you need a shoe that says something. Platforms, wedgies, candies. Anything that says, "Look at me. I am here." Maybe even a pair of metallic sandals with block heels. The ones your mom wore thirteen years ago are so perfect, so now.

Virgo

Down to earth, no nonsense, refined. A favorite Virgo of mine swears by flip flops - not to be mistakenly called thongs. "Thongs are those underwear that don't make any sense," she says. She prefers flip flops with an inch-thick sole and a rainbow stripe running along the sides. Her favorite pair has cloth straps, with "Hawaii" embroidered on them.

Libra

You just love to spoil yourself, shower yourself with luxury. Think Zsa Zsa, think Eva, think Mrs. Howell. Think mules. A pair of light pink mules with that fake feather/furry stuff on the strap over the toes.

Scorpio

Oh mysterious, secretive one. I see you in something dark, something that encases the foot in an ever so subtle yet seductive way. Boots, I think. Black boots that go anywhere from the ankle to the knee.

Sagittarius

Such a versatile, many faceted creature you are. You can wear just about anything - but because you are so active, I recommend something with a little support. Try keeping the word "comfort" in your vocabulary when it comes to shoe shopping. Maybe something with a thick-tread sole and arch support.

Aquarius

Being the revolutionary that you're supposed to be, you really can't consider anything other than clogs. After all, that's what the French factory workers threw into the machinery when they couldn't afford the shoes they wanted.

Capricorn

Red Wing work shoes. What else could there be for a driven, hardworking Capricorn? They're practical and well built... just like you. There's a certain Capricorn I know who won't wear anything else.

Pisces

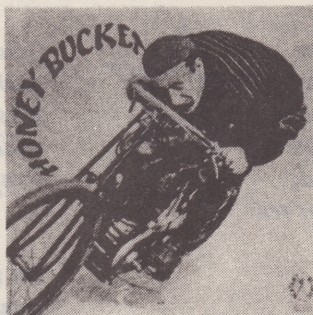
Do you remember those green rubber boots with mustard-colored laces and a mustard-colored border around the top? They were always sort of hanging around the garage door? Those are you. All the way.

-Jodi Dixon

BLATANT RECORDS



Creep-Unscrewed
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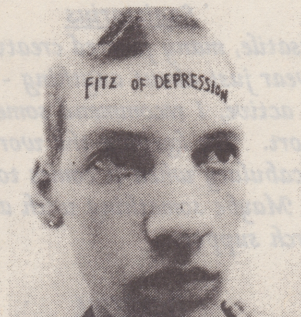


Honeybucket-Hammerhead
Blat 003 7"



AUGUST 26TH DAYS THAT NEVER WERE

Treehouse with Steve Fisk
Blat 004 7"



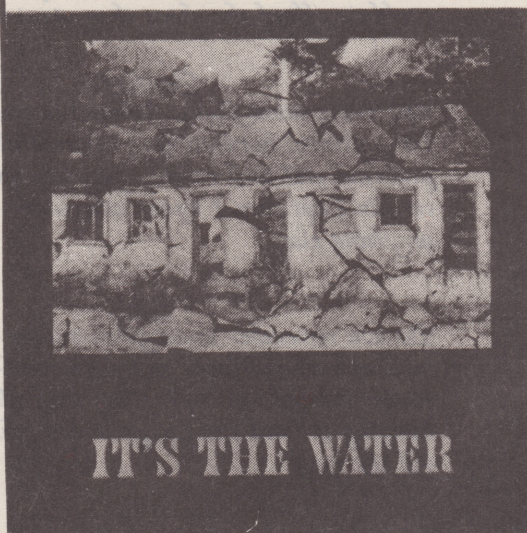
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